

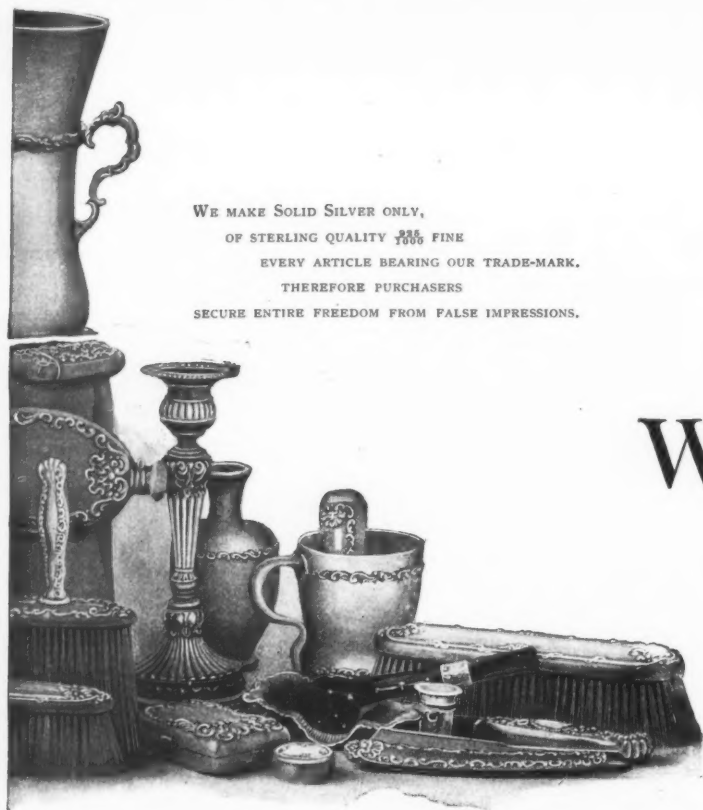
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• LIFE •



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and Canes

West 23d St



She: THESE GLASSES ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR ME. WHAT COMES NEXT TO NUMBER TWO?

He: NUMBER ONE.

"AND AFTER THAT?"

"AFTER NUMBER ONE, YOU WILL NEED A DOG."

FASHION NOTES.

THERE are many nervous people in the world whose suspicion is easily aroused and who are prone to lose confidence in others unless constantly reassured. We find this condition obtains even among those who are interested in "Society" matters.

To allay the fears of such persons, LIFE wishes to state positively that

Mr. & Mrs. John Jacob Astor,
Mr. & Mrs. Van Rensselaer
Cruger,
Mrs. Paran Stevens,

Mr. & Mrs. Duncan Elliot,
Mr. & Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies,
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kernochan,
And some others,

will continue, as heretofore, to wear the very best of clothing. It will be of the latest style, of the richest material, and of the most expensive construction. Jewels, whenever worn, will be real and frequently of enormous cost.

These persons give the fine edge of their minds to this business and generally acquit themselves with considerable credit.

None of the gentlemen above mentioned ever wear celluloid collars or shirt fronts. Their clothes usually fit well, are generally built by expensive tailors, and, as a rule, are clean.



Mr. & Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr.,
Mr. & Mrs. P. Townsend Burden,

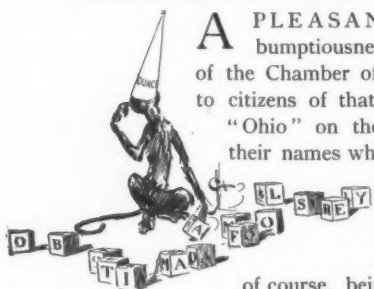
Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt,
Mr. Brackholst Cutting,



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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A PLEASANT example of municipal bumpiousness appears in the request of the Chamber of Commerce of Cleveland to citizens of that town not to put "O" or "Ohio" on their letter heads or after their names when they write them in hotel registers. The sentiment of the Chamber is that there is but one Cleveland that is truly great (Grover, of course, being excepted) and that to admit the need of identifying that one by telling what state it is in is a concession which no true Clevelander should consent to make.

No doubt the Chamber does well, but it will do better still if it can induce its citizens to forego the practice of dating their letters and themselves from "London, England," "Paris, France," and "New York, N. Y." What is best known of Cleveland to persons who do not live in that town, is that it is a likely city, pleasantly poised on the shore of Lake Erie, with a beautiful street in it, called Euclid Avenue, which is lined with fine houses inhabited by caretakers. Clevelanders are famous everywhere except at home. We find them prevalent and conspicuous in New York, we hear of them—and of their daughters—in London, we learn of their existence in Paris, and we go to entertainments in their houses in Washington, D. C. We know of them everywhere except at home, and it is really a relief to learn that enough of them stick by their own town to afford the necessary membership for a Chamber of Commerce.



ACCORDING to the Governor's decision, following the report of the latest committee that has investigated the Elmira Reformatory, Mr. Brockway will continue to direct the affairs of that institution until further notice. Mr. Brockway has not been very abundantly exonerated. Some of his methods of discipline have failed to make a good impression on any of his investigators. Judge Learned, the best known and most influential member of the last committee that sat on him, says in his minority report that Brockway's punishments have been "ex-

cessive in severity and number and therefore cruel." The two other committeemen, though they approve of him on the whole, find some details of his system of discipline to be "improper and unjustifiable on any theory." Nevertheless, Mr. Brockway stays where he is, and LIFE is not sure that it is sorry. For one thing, it seems doubtful whether a better man could be found to take his place, for another it seems evident that he ought to reform and possibly his Reformatory is as good a place for him to reform in as another.

Be careful, Mr. Brockway. Don't thump your hard cases so hard or so long. When you are too zealous it makes folks begin to believe that you like to do it. Try kindness, sir, and if the toughs seem to be getting tougher, line them up in the yard and make them play football. They will get more discipline in that way and you will get less blame.



GOOD-BYE, Governor Flower; good-bye, sir! It is not an unmixed joy for us this parting with you, but it ought to be rather a cheerful occasion for yourself. You are "Governor Flower" now to the end of your days and in the ears of posterity. That is pleasant. In spite of your being so mixed up with Hill and Sheehan, and all that hard gang, there are many worthy people in New York State that feel kindly toward you and wish you well. That is pleasant also. Another time, sir—but that may be deferred until the occasion arises.



YOU, Governor Morton, it is a pleasure to congratulate on taking up with one of the most advantageous jobs that is open to the aspirations of a citizen of New York. There is a fine notoriety about being President of the United States, but it is attended by constant worry and excessively hard work. It used to be thought a most respectable and desirable thing to be a Senator, but the dollar marks and sugar coating are so thick in that honor nowadays that it is not in as high esteem as it was. But to be Governor of the Empire State is still to occupy an enviable, and—in spite of everything—an honorable station. LIFE hopes you will like it, Governor Morton; and please, sir, teach Platt his place, and make him stick to his delivery business. LIFE would be sorry indeed to come to Albany and find that man's hand-cart and parcels standing outside of your front door.



DECEMBER



CASABIANCA.



"ONE WAY OF LOVE."



BRITANNIA'S PET.



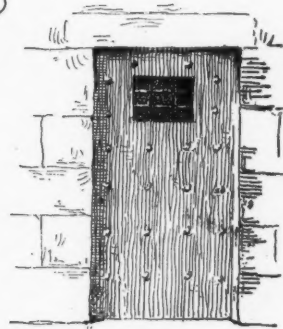
HILL AND GORMAN IN THE SENATE.



"WILL IT STEER?"



CHINA STILL AHEAD!



RESIDENCE OF MR. DEBS, LATE DICTATOR.

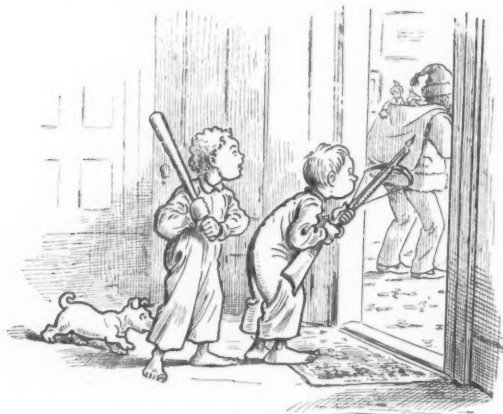


SUPPRESSED CHAPTERS.

TRILBY'S CHRISTMAS.

IT was on the night of that famous Christmas supper in the Place St. Anatole des Arts, when Zouzou and the others had sung their songs, and the three policemen were laid out in a stupor behind the stove, that the Laird and Taffy and Trilby and Little Billee had a little conversation (as they sat apart on the model throne eating their plum-pudding), that is not recorded in the book.

"Ay, maun," said the Laird, "but they're making a fuss about us in America!"



"SAY, HARRY, YOU KNOW HOW SANTA CLAUS TREATED US LAST YEAR. WELL, THERE HE IS NOW. LET'S KNOCK THE LIFE OUT OF HIM."



"It's all on account of Trilby," said Little Billee, with a fond look at her knuckle-bone teeth.

"They are all palavering a lot of tommy-rot about me," cut in Trilby, speaking in her best English which she learned from her Irish father, and which was classical, though it smacked of County Cork.

"Worse than that," my dear Trilby, said Taffy, whirling Svengali around his head like an Indian club, between drinks. "Lots of pretty women over there, I am told, are raving over you simply because they think it is 'advanced' and 'up to date' to admire a woman whom they are pleased to think a little bit wicked."

"Me wicked!" shrieked Trilby, her Irish up—"and me the best *blanchisseuse de fin* in the Quartier Latin."

"It isn't the laundry work that attracts their admiration, my lass," said the Laird in his most fatherly manner. "It's the posing for 'the altogether' and several other little incidents in your career that make you interesting for them."

"Oh," said Trilby, in real distress, "I've been trying for months to forget all those things, and now I am to become a literary classic on account of them!" (Trilby caught the fine language from the lamented O'Ferrall when he was loquacious in his cups).

"The penalty of fame," said the philosophic Laird, "is to be indiscriminately praised, and generally for the wrong thing. I suppose that I shall be remembered longer for my singing of 'The Laird of Cockpen' than for my Royal Academy pictures."

"Which is right," growled Taffy, who had recently come from Barbizon. "The Royal Academy seldom confers immortality on a worthy painter."

"Those Americans don't seem to love Trilby for the things that make us love her," piped up Little Billee. "They talk and write a great deal about the mere accidental things in her character, but they don't see that we all love her



Papa: THAT'S THE LAST TIME I UNDERTAKE THE SANTA CLAUS BUSINESS.



AT THE OPERA.

Mrs. Backroads: THE BRAZEN CREATURES! HOW DARE THEY SHOW THEMSELVES IN THAT DISGRACEFUL CONDITION?

Mr. B.: HUSH, MARIA! DON'T SHOW YOUR IGNORANCE! THEM'S THE LIVIN' PICTURES WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.

because she is simply a royal, good comrade with no frills about her—with a man's standard of honor which she keeps to the uttermost."

"Little Billee," cried Trilby, reaching for him with her slipper, "in the language of an American friend of mine, you're a chump!"

"The trouble with Billee," mused Taffy, "is that he is too high strung, and does not take exercise enough. He is just the sort of fellow who generally 'dies for love' in novels. It isn't nice and there is no need for it in novels or real life. Five miles a day on a trotting horse will save his life."

"Trilby will save my life," sighed Billee with a tender glance at her freckles.

"The worst thing I've heard said about our good friend, Du Maurier, who is bound to make us famous," said Taffy switching away from the sentimental Billee, "is that he writes neither good English nor good French but a mixture of the slang of each, which thirty years from now will be almost unintelligible without a glossary."

"And yet they call it a revival of the style of Thackeray!" snorted the Laird.

"We must not pick our friends to pieces on Christmas night," said Taffy, rising. "What the story of our old studio is teaching them over in England and America is that there is nothing in this world to be compared to the loyal comradeship of men, and women too, who love each other as brothers, who seize the day of pleasure as it passes, and stand closer together when the night of sorrow comes. Up

all of you! Dodor, Gecko, Zouzou—Drink the Christmas toast. Here's to my friend and my brother—all mankind! (*Sings*)

"Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!"

Drock.

NEW BOOKS.

ELDER CONKLIN AND OTHER STORIES. By Frank Harris. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Single Heart and Double Face. By Charles Reade. New York: Optimus Printing Company.

The Castle of the Carpathians. By Jules Verne. New York: The Merriam Company.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CABLE.

EVERY person of whatever age or sex who has had experience with the Broadway cable cars will see the point of our cartoon in this issue of LIFE.

The record of these cars is a record of brutality and of utter indifference to public comfort. It is also a record of personal injuries, of sprains, bruises, dislocations, broken bones and broken heads.

The citizen who waits upon the crossing has his choice of jumping for the car while in motion, or of waiting indefinitely for some other car to stop, if it be so inclined. If he jumps, and is not a trained athlete, he has an excellent opportunity of a strain, sprain or rupture. If he fails to jump he may stand and wait for another hour.

When this citizen wishes to alight he generally springs while the car is in motion, otherwise he may be carried to another street. And when he jumps, not being a trained athlete, he often measures his length upon the stones.

The men who start and stop these engines of mutilation and death are either the most heartless brutes the city can furnish, or they are decent men obeying disgraceful instructions from the officers of the company.

The latter theory is the one generally accepted.



F.W. READ.

"THROUGH THICK AND THIN."



THE SPIRIT OF THE

WITH LIFE'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO M. FRITEL'S



SPIRIT OF THE CABLE.

TS TO M. BITTEL'S PAINTING OF "THE CONQUERORS."



NEW YORK IBSENISM.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE never wrote a play like "In the Tenderloin." There were forty-six or forty-seven reasons why he didn't. The principal one was that in his time there was no "Tenderloin Precinct," unless the sacred precincts of "The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap" might be made to correspond to some of the resorts pictured in the play under discussion. As a rule the immortal William preferred to consort dramatically with the 400 of humanity, and in his deck there are to be found more kings and queens than knaves or deuces.

The only possible conclusion is that William died too soon. Had he been able to secure the Madison Square neighborhood for a back-ground, and such characters as Tom Gould and George Appo for dramatic material, he might have been able to write plays which would make money for their producers instead of wasting his abilities on theatre-emptiers like "Hamlet" and "Othello."

Mr. Ibsen has also wasted a good deal of ability on plays that would never make a cent in the Bowery. They are realistic to be sure, but they do not contain a single live bunco-steerer or dive-keeper. Realism to a New York audience means a tank with actual water in it, a buzz-saw in actual revolution, a bridge-jumper in the flesh. And a dramatic success means anything that will make money for the management. Art has taken a vacation, and we are getting the real thing with a vengeance.

But, strange as it may seem, "In the Tenderloin" is not altogether bad artistically, and from a moral point of view can really put to shame productions like the "Tanqueray" of the artistic and immaculate Kendals. It is artistic in the sense that it is largely true and it is moral in the sense that it makes vice repulsive. It has to be true because almost every spectator is an educated critic of what it presents and the classes of theatre-goers to whom it appeals are really more intolerant of the immoral drama than better-dressed and presumably better-bred audiences. Vice is not made triumphant nor even tolerable, and crime receives its just punishment, all of which is wholesome and in a way conduces to good behavior.

Of course it would be a mistake to consider such a play as "In the Tenderloin" seriously. And yet, as it is unquestionably bound to attract large audiences for some time to come, it, and plays of its kind, must be taken into serious consideration by those who think at all of the tendency of the American stage. These plays are having their influence on audiences, actors, and managers, to say nothing of that limited class called playwrights. The large financial rewards they secure must indicate something in the way of a popular tendency, and what that is is quite worth the speculation of some philosopher in things dramatic who has more space at his command than this publication devotes to any one topic. Of course it is to a great extent a raree-show, but this element alone would not account for the success. It is the combination of drama and curio which brings the dollars, and here is a problem which must be



THE DELUSION.



THE CAUSE.

A SKILFUL ZEPHYR.



considered by the students of stage methods. If Mr. Tom Gould, ex-dive-keeper, and Mr. George Appo, ex-green-goods man, are sufficient, then that smoothly-shaved villain, Mr. Fred. Bryton, as well as the play, the scenery and the electric lights are not necessary. What does it all mean? That the people are groping in their way for a realism that a few master minds are trying to provide in theirs? Is it a popular revolt against the artificialism of the old-time popular drama just as there is a revolt against artificialism in the aristocracy of intellect? It seems funny that a play like "In the Tenderloin" should raise such a question, but it is not altogether absurd. The money success determines the popular drift, and there is no doubt that plays of this type are gaining the financial verdict. *Metcalfe.*

SUFFICIENT CAUSE.

AS the stage approached an Oklahoma settlement, it was met and passed by a number of excited citizens on the dead run for the tall timber.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed a tourist, who was an outside passenger on the coach, "whatever is the matter with those people?"

HE: Well, I'm strictly business. I buy in the lowest market.

SHE: What, you never carry religion into your business!

HE: No. I always give change.

MRS. LOFTUS (*reading the society column*). Who is this Mrs. Jimmy Brown-Smith and this Mr. Jimmy Brown-Smith who are mentioned so frequently? They seem to be at the front everywhere. Here are their names among the prominent people at my reception.

DAN ABOUT-TOWN: That's nothing. They write that column themselves.

"Burrassed if I know," replied the driver. "Hi, Jack," he called, a moment later, to a man who had stepped into a badger-hole and was now picking himself up, "what's wrong—blizzard comin'?"

"No," was the hurried answer.

"Grand Jury in session?"

"Nope."

"Polecat Pete shootin' up the town?"

"Naw."

"Then what in thunder are you folks a runnin' from?"

"The third Uncle Tom's Cabin company of the season has just come to town!"

AS WE ALL WELL KNOW.

DRUMMER: Whatever induced you to put in that line of neckties? No man east of the Rocky Mountains would wear such scarfs.

HABERDASHER: Why, those are just the kind women pick out for presents.

ADA: Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?

HELEN: I've been trying for two years to make him speak.

SHE: Why didn't you come to our Church Bazar?

A YALE LANDSCAPE.



"AUTUMN HAZE."

A RECENT LAMENTABLE OCCURRENCE.



I.

This is the house that Jack Astorbilt.



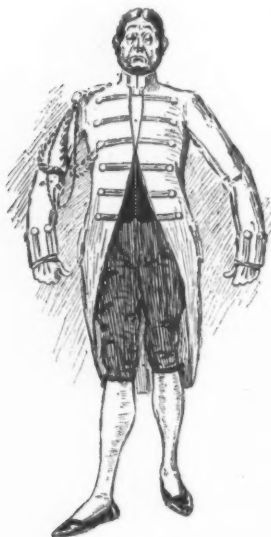
II.

This is the bed that lay in the house that Jack Astorbilt.



III.

This is the bum all tattered and torn that slept in the bed that lay in the house that Jack Astorbilt.



IV.

This is the footman all shaven and shorn, who discovered the bum all tattered and torn as he slept in the bed that lay in the house that Jack Astorbilt.



V.

This is the copper summoned at dawn to follow the footman all shaven and shorn, and fire the bum all tattered and torn that slept in the bed that lay in the house that Jack Astorbilt.



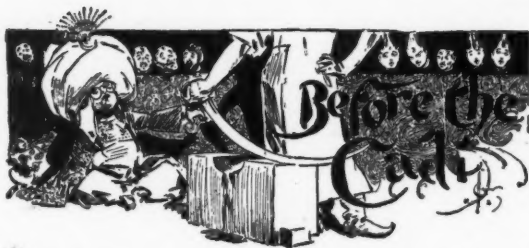
VI.

This is the manager taking a horn who will hire the copper some pleasant morn to bring him the footman all shaven and shorn, and likewise the bum all tattered and torn—he expects to strike the public dumb with the copper the footman and eke the bum, the bum that slept till they thought him dead, in the silken, pillow-shammed, carved oak bed that lay in the house that Jack Astorbilt.

ENTHUSIASTIC COLORED SPECTATOR (*at fashionable wedding*):
Go it, gents—keep de rice a-flyin'—chuck it out lively!

POLICEMAN: An' fwhot are yer egg'in' av thim an fur—sure, *you* are not related?

E. C. S.: No, boss, but rice is good for chickens, an' I am de sweeper hyah!



"SHADOW of Mohammed!" exclaimed the Cadi. "Have I got 'em again, Mustapha, or is that a real horse?"

"It is a real horse, may it please your highness, and, what is more wonderful, a horse that can talk."

"Allah Kebur—God is most powerful. What does the animal want?"

"Justice, oh, great Cadi," exclaimed the horse in the purest Arabic, from which strain his gums plainly showed he was descended. "I am told that even a horse, though it be men that misuse him, may obtain justice at your hands."

"Right you are. This particular Cadi likes some horses better than he does most men. Besides, if you have any reliable stable information he might use it to advantage if there shall be any racing next year. But what is your grievance?"

"It is this, oh sire and dam of all justice. Know that I was owned by a master who loved me and whom I served well. But he became poor and was forced to sell me to what is called an Anglomaniac. I had not been long his, when one day he brought a cruel looking man to the stable, and, after locking the doors, threw me down, fastened my legs and then, with a pair of shears, cut off three or four of the vertebrae of my tail and then stopped the bleeding by searing the end of it with a red-hot iron, thus causing me most awful agony."

"Why did they do this?"

"I do not know unless their eyes and minds are diseased and they think that a paint-brush sticking up from the north-east corner of a horse is more beautiful than the graceful, flowing tail with which nature has endowed our race."

"But it seems to have healed up all right now."

"True, your highness. But my flowing tail was not only a thing of beauty. It also was of use. Perhaps beneath your highness's turban there is a bald head——"

"Tut, tut! That has nothing to do with the case, and I rule out that last remark as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

"Perhaps then the tip of your highness's sublime nose has been toyed with by the common house fly who tickles but does not sting. Without my tail my tender legs and flanks are exposed to the merciless attacks of horse flies, who sting and bite unmercifully, and I have no defence against them. In hot weather, when the heat alone is torment, my life is one constant round of torture."

"Staffir Allah—God forgive me! but this is most cruel. Justice shall be done, good horse. Mustapha, do you know this Anglomaniac?"

"I do, your highness. The Giaour is one of what they call the four hundred, and is one of the loudest psalm-singers, besides being a member of Anthony Comstock's society, of Sheikh Gerry's society, and a trustee of two or three hospitals."

"Seek him out then, Mustapha, convey him to a cell, remove his garments and tie his arms and legs. Then heat the cell to a hundred degrees and close the door tight, having first released in it three or four score business-like horse-flies. A year from next week Thursday, call my attention to his case and I will tell you what further to do."

"It is well, your highness," replied Mustapha, as he departed to carry out the sentence.

"May your highness's shadow never be less," said the horse; "your highness must come of the stock of Solomon the Wise."

"Murakkas—you are dismissed," said the Cadi, and the horse cantered off to his stable giving vent every few strides to gentle little horse-laughes of satisfaction.

The Cadi disappeared behind the curtain, saying "There are others—no doubt—but when it comes to the only original Cohen among the Cadis I am it."

Metcalf.

A RISK.

WITHERBY: I have invited Castleton around to New Year's dinner.

MRS. WITHERBY: But he was here Christmas to dinner.

WITHERBY: What of it?

MRS. WITHERBY: I am afraid he will recognize that turkey.

SHE: The fashion of making New Year's calls is dying out.
HE: Not among creditors.



The Dog: SAY, YOU VENUS AND PSYCHE, IF I ONLY COULD GET UP THERE, I'D KNOCK THE STUFFIN' OUT OF THAT LIVING PICTURE.



FRANK BUCKLAND, who was my cousin, told me this story. He belonged to a fishing club on the Thames, which held its meetings once a week, and the chairman for the evening was the one who had caught the heaviest fish. On one occasion a Mr. Jones was the fortunate individual. It was the first time that he had earned the honor, and he was very proud of it, though his prize fish had only been a barbel. One of the members of the club was unable to stay for dinner and asked Jones for the fish to take home with him, as it was not to form part of the menu. He consented, though rather unwillingly, and nothing was heard of the matter till the next meeting, when Buckland chanced to be present.

"A curious thing happened about that barbel which Jones gave me last Saturday," observed its recipient. "It had swallowed a little pike."

"You will not make me swallow that," observed Buckland confidently. "A barbel could not do it. Its conformation forbids it."

"You may theorize as you like," returned the other, "but I must be allowed to believe the evidence of my senses. I saw the jack taken out of the barbel with my own eyes."

"I don't believe it," said Buckland.

The conversation, in fact, was growing very warm, when Jones broke in with: Don't quarrel, gentlemen. You are both of you right. The fact is, I was so afraid that somebody might catch a heavier fish than I that I poked the little jack down the barbel's throat with my fishing rod to make him weigh more."—*Contemporary Review*.

A GOOD-HEARTED curate, who firmly believed that God was continually working miracles to enable him to help the needy, and who seldom had a coin in his pocket, though he was never devoid of the fire of charity in his heart, was accosted one day by a beggar woman. He pleaded utter lack of money, and sadly turned aside; but on the mendicant beseeching him to search his pockets, he hopelessly put his hand in one and to his amazement and joy, found a five-shilling piece there.

"Another of God's miracles!" he exclaimed; and then, addressing the woman, "This coin belongs to you, of right. Take it, and go in peace." Having told the story a few hours later to his worldly-minded parish priest, and suggested that they should both go down on their knees and render thanks to God, a strange, unpleasant light suddenly broke on the mind of the shrewd pastor, who exclaimed in accents not suggestive of thanksgiving: "Good God! Are those my breeches that you've on you?"—*Contemporary Review*.

I WAS sitting out in front of the tavern in the West Virginia mountain town where I made my headquarters one summer, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, when a lank mountaineer, about twenty years old, rode up on a mule and greeted me by name, although I could not exactly place him. He dismounted, and coming to where I was, he sat down quite close to me.

"Colonel," he said, in a low, cautious tone, "you kin respect a man's feelin's, cain't yer?"

"I think I can, if I know what they are," I answered, slightly uncertain as to what he expected of me.

"Well, I'm in this sort of a fix," he proceeded, very confidentially, after giving a hitch to the box he was sitting on. "I've been goin' ter see old man Mullins's gal Susan, an' she's tuck to me like a wet kitten to a hot brick, but she kinder hankers after money."

"Most women do," I ventured.

"I reckon yer more'n half right," he admitted with a sigh. "Anyhow, Susan tol' me to day I wuz too pore, an' when I disputed the p'int, she said ez how I didn't have a cent ter my name; an' when I tol' her she didn't know what she was talkin' about, she up an' said she did; that if I could show her seven dollars she'd nab me in two shakes uv a lamb's tail. Then I said, I did, ez how I'd have to go home after it, an' I come ter you. You gi' me the money, an' hol' that mule fer hit tell I get back yer agin, won't yer?"

The proposition seemed fair enough, for the young man was honest and very earnest, so I held the mule, and he went away on foot, holding the seven dollars. While he was gone I got to thinking, and when he came back, I lay for him.

"Did you get her?" I asked, as I returned the seven dollars to my pocket.

"In course I did," he replied, triumphantly, "fer Susan's a gal uv her word."

"By the way," I asked, as he mounted the mule, "why did you come to me for the money? The mule was worth a good deal more than seven dollars. Why didn't you call the young lady's attention to that?"

He winked slyly as he dug his heels into the mule's ribs.

"Caze, colonel," he laughed aloud, "Susan knew hit warn't my mule."

Then, as he rode away merrily toward Susan's, I pondered profoundly on what a queer little cuss Cupid is.—*Boston True Flag*.

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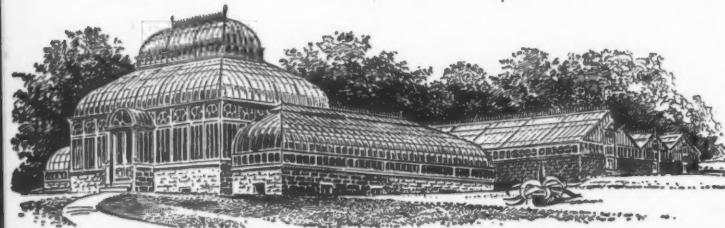
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CHRISTMAS
NUMBER.

·LIFE·

DECEMBER,
1894.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



"I WONDER IF I WUZ ALL DRESSED UP AN' PUT IN A WINDER,
IF ANYBODY WOULD LONG TO HAVE ME?"

HER WAY.

"I 'VE searched the city high and low,"
He said, with face perplexing,
"But not one spray of mistletoe;
Oh, isn't it quite vexing?"

They say I came too late. Dear me,
I was so rushed and hurried.
'Twas sold when I arrived you see.
His smile was sad and worried.

She grew quite thoughtful for a while,
This most divine of creatures,
And then there came a glorious smile
Into her winsome features.

"Well, George," she said, "it is too bad,
But don't let's cry about it,
We'll have—if there's none to be had—
To get along without it." *Tom Masson.*

COBBLE: Well, I suppose I'll have to eat my Christmas
turkey in a boarding house this year.
STONE: That's tough.



While over the wassail-bowl gallants a-
jostle,
All jesting and laughter, a rollicking
throng,
Crowd clinking their glasses to drink to
the lasses
And welcome old Christmas with
snatches of song.

Then hey for the evergreen, ho for the
holly!
Keep holiday, sweethearts, nor ever ask
how,
When Love goes before us to lead off the
chorus
With "Hey nonny no for the mistletoe
bough!"

M. E. W.

XMAS.

O LISTEN, good people! The bells
in the steeple
Are swinging and ringing and caroling
now—
'Tis "Hey for the evergreen, ho for the
holly,
And hey nonny no for the mistletoe
bough!"

The Yule-log is gleaming, its radiance
streaming,
Upon the gay figures that flit to and
fro,
Or twirl down the middle to flute and to
fiddle
With ribbons a flutter and cheeks in a
glow.





KING CHRISTMAS'S BONFIRE.



SCENE: *Boudoir and toilette-room of a Society belle. The belle, who, besides being very beautiful, is still young and fresh, is seated in front of her dressing-table under the hands of her maid, who is preparing her hair for the night. On the dressing-table are a mirror and various articles of toilette.*

THE MAID: Mademoiselle was a great triumph to-night; no?

THE BELLE (*abstractedly*): Yes, Céleste, I think so.

THE MAID (*with pride*): The men all fall down and adore mademoiselle; no?

THE BELLE: No, not all the men. Some of them; enough of them. (*Sighing.*) Too many of them!

THE MAID: That is good. Comme ça, mademoiselle has an embarras de choix.

THE BELLE: Yes, an embarras de choix. You speak truly, Céleste, for it really is an embarras de choix. (*Sighing again.*) It is that which makes me—but, bah! why think of it all? I suppose it is the experience of all girls like me in Society, with a fortune, a face and a facile tongue. There! That will do for to-night, Céleste; I am going to sit up for a little. I may read and I may write, I cannot say.

THE MAID (*horriſied*): But, mademoiselle has already lost so much of the beauty sleep!

THE BELLE: N'importe, Céleste, I am restless. Besides, if all be true that men have told me to-night, I do not need it.

THE MAID: Ah! Ca, c'est vrai, mademoiselle.

THE BELLE: Va-t'en dormir toi-même, alors. (*Exit Maid.*)

THE BELLE (*alone*): Five proposals in one night! That is, counting one, that I suppose, does not—ought not, to count. Four of them at any rate, such as a girl in her second season should jump at. As for the fifth—well, I won't think of it. I mean, if I can help it, I won't. Yet—but what nonsense! Let me review the others. First came old Totterly. Sixty years old, he said he was. He is eighty, if he is a day. Worth four millions, he said! That part is probably true. But, oh!—Let us pass on to the next. Phillip Egerton Denning, the writer and thinker; the literary lion of the season. Funny he should fancy me. I like him, too, myself. I cannot help admiring his intellect, and I feel that I should always respect him. Yet—(*muses several minutes, then sighs*). Who next? Oh, yes. (*Laughing heartily*). I

must not forget *him*. Lord Tuffnutt, the latest British importation; who did me the honor to offer me, with a monocle in one fishy eye, his title, his mortgaged estates and the family tree that, in its time,

has borne an abundance of just such over-ripe fruit as he is. And for what? My youth, beauty and money. Nonsense. Next. Ahem! The same thing, in a measure, only of our own manufacture. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, of the most cerulean of blue-

blooded Knickerbocker stock. Truly our country has reached a wonderful height in her industries, when she can turn out anything so nearly like the English article, even to his morals, as Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer! There they are, all of them, labelled to the best possible advantage. All—except Jack. Poor Jack! Well, I might as well list him. Jack Willoughby. Something down-town. Poor as a church mouse, handsome as Apollo, and true as steel. Ah, well! (*sighing*) I suppose I must not think of him. It is lucky, though, that someone interrupted us when he proposed, or I might have said yes. I was overcome with the heat of the ball-room; and when he put his arm around me, and whisperingly begged for an answer, I felt so weak, for the moment, that I don't think I should have had the strength to refuse him. But somebody came, somebody always does, and I suppose I am safe. I promised them all an answer in a week. An embarras de choix, Céleste said. (*Closes her eyes and thinks.*)

A half-hour or more passes, during which the belle appears to sleep. Suddenly she opens her eyes.

THE BELLE: I must have slept. But nothing in my dreams seemed to offer me any help. Oh, dear! Is there anything or anybody that can show me what to do?

A VOICE: There is.

THE BELLE (*startled*): Good gracious! What was that?

A VOICE: Don't be frightened. It was I.

THE BELLE (*still more alarmed*): But who are you? Where are you?

A VOICE: Your mirror.

THE BELLE: But, good Heavens! Mirrors cannot speak.

THE MIRROR: Mirrors can do a great many more things than people give them credit for. We reflect, why should we not speak? That we can do so is proved by my talking to you now. I have listened to all you have thought and would help you.

THE BELLE (*trembling*): Was I thinking aloud?

THE MIRROR: No. But you cannot think and look into my face without every thought being known to me, even though I may not reveal what is in your mind. I want to help you to decide your future. Are you willing that I should?

THE BELLE: You mean with regard to—

THE MIRROR: Not so wicked as it would be to marry the wrong man.

THE BELLE: I suppose that must be true. Well, what must I do?

THE MIRROR: First, turn down the gas. Then place yourself facing me, and light the spirit lamp of your curling-iron apparatus. Now, take some of your pearl face-powder, sprinkle it on the flame, and wait. (*She does so. The surface of the mirror becomes heavily clouded*). Which would you see first?

THE BELLE (*laughing hysterically*): Oh, take them in their regular order.



"I SEE MYSELF, HANDSOMELY DRESSED, COVERED WITH JEWELS."

THE MIRROR (*blandly*): I mean with regard to the five proposals you received to-night.

THE BELLE (*after a pause*): Which shall I accept?

THE MIRROR: That I may not tell you. I can simply help you to judge for yourself.

THE BELLE (*anxiously*): How can you do that?

THE MIRROR: By showing you yourself, your surroundings and your condition of mind, five years after your marriage with any one of your would-be husbands of this evening.

THE BELLE: Oh, dear! This is worse than chiromancy. Wouldn't—eh—wouldn't it be wicked?

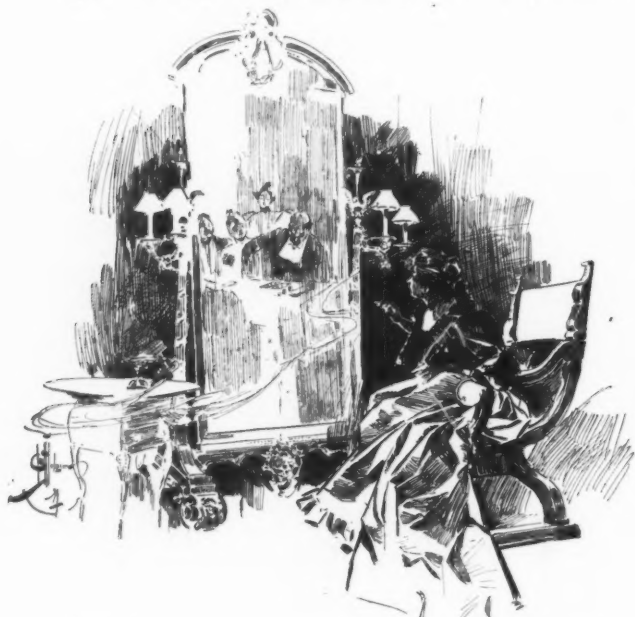
THE MIRROR: Then, Mr. Totterly, the eighty-year-old millionaire first. What can you see? Speak! (*The cloud on the face of the mirror gradually clears in the center, disclosing a picture*).

THE BELLE (*in a low voice*): I see myself, handsomely dressed, covered with jewels, at an evening reception. Many men are around me offering me attentions. For some reason, I dare not accept them. In a corner, jealously watching me, I see Mr. Totterly. He scowls every time a man pays me a compliment. Everything is bright around me, but the very brightness seems to weary me, and remind me of something lacking.

THE MIRROR (*grimly*): Are you happy?

THE BELLE (*shuddering*): No. Although bored to death where I am, I dread to go home, because I shall be alone with *him*, my husband. I see nothing but despair and waiting, constant waiting for release. (*Picture vanishes.*)

THE MIRROR: You will not forget that. Now look upon this. (*Again a picture forms.*) What do you see?



"HIS LORDSHIP, MY HUSBAND, IS THERE, GAMBLING LIKE THE REST."

THE BELLE: I see myself again, but alone. I have been reading, but have tired of it. There is something I want to do, something I want to feel, but I cannot. In a little room near by, I see Phillip Egerton Denning, my literary, intellectual husband. He is very busy, writing. In my utter loneliness, I get up and go to him. Stooping over him, I gently kiss him on the brow. He frowns, pushes me away, and tells me I destroy his ideas. I sigh, turn away, and go to bed.

THE MIRROR (*ironically*): Are you happy?

THE BELLE (*bitterly*): No. All the warmth in my heart is gradually being frozen by the cold indifference of the man I have married. He is too brainy to lavish any affection on his wife; his growing fame is more important than domestic ties. Show me the next.

THE MIRROR: Well, what see you here?

THE BELLE: Another reception. I am sitting alone, however, utterly ignored by the many women present except in the way of an occasional supercilious glance at my gown, or a whisper to someone else about me behind a fan. I think it must be in England. Some of the women have very red noses, and they all look tired and bored to death.

THE MIRROR: It is. It is the fifth year of your reign as Lady Tuffnutt.

THE BELLE: I see myself moving into another room where everybody is playing cards. His Lordship, my husband, is there, gambling like the rest. I tell him I do not feel well and would like to go home. He advises me to go home alone or amuse myself in the conservatory. That means to listen to some man who will make deliberate love to me. He knows that. He says there is too much of his money on the table to go then. He means my money. I have seen enough of this.

THE MIRROR (*mockingly*): Are you happy?

THE BELLE (*sadly*): No, but I am gradually becoming deadened to my misery.

THE MIRROR (*as a new picture appears*): Now you are Mrs. Tracy de Puyster Van Treffer, a member of the native aristocracy of New York. Can you see yourself?

THE BELLE: Yes. I see myself once more alone. The room is handsomely furnished; everything looks rich and good. But I am waiting anxiously and listening intently. At every sound I get up and look through the blinds out into the dark night. At last, as dawn is breaking, a cab drives up; I hear it. A few minutes afterwards my husband enters the room. He scolds me in a thick voice for remaining up. A quarrel ends in my bursting into tears. He stoops over me to kiss me and I nearly faint with nausea.

THE MIRROR: Are you happy?



"HE SCOLDS ME IN A THICK VOICE."

THE BELLE (*fiercely*): No. I am humiliated by his neglect, disgusted with his manner of life, and harassed with constant suspicion. I am utterly wretched.

THE MIRROR (*stily*): There is only one more picture. Do you want to see it?

THE BELLE (*confusedly*): Yes, I suppose I may as well. It is probably like all the rest.

THE MIRROR (*as the last picture appears*): Then behold! And tell what you see.

THE BELLE (*very softly*): I see myself again. I am sitting in front of a cosy fire of soft coal, sewing something light. Near me is—near me is—yes, it is Jack, Mr. Wiloughby, I mean. He is talking to me very gayly, and I am smiling and listening. Now the door opens and two children come bounding into the room: a boy and a girl. They want to bid us "good-night," they say. They look so much like Jack they might almost be—almost be—his nephew and niece.

THE MIRROR (*gently*): Are you happy?

There is no answer from the belle, for she wakes up with a start.

THE BELLE (*after looking earnestly at the mirror, which is as bright as crystal*): I have been dreaming, and it is nearly five o'clock. But I am not sorry. An embarras de choix, Céleste said. I thought so, too, but we were both wrong. I told her I might read and I might write. (*Smiling.*) Well, I have read a great deal, I think I will write a little. (*Writes.*)

MY DEAREST JACK.

I don't think I will keep you waiting a week for my answer. I am yours as soon as you come to claim me. ETHEL.

Ernest Graham-Dewey.

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

TERRY: An' phwat med yez quit dhrinkin', Planxty?
PLANXTY: It wor this way, Terence: Me woife sez to me, sez she, "Planxty, yez can't give oop the lickier," sez she. I t'ought I could, but whin I thried an' found I couldn't, begorra, I knew it wor toime for me to shtop, an' so I did.



TOM AND HARRY LEAVE THE SCUTTLE OPEN SO THAT SANTA CLAUS CAN GO DOWN.

A CHRISTMAS FACT.

THE future has a golden tinge,
The past, too, may seem pleasant;
But just about the Christmas tide
There's nothing like the present.

A CHRISTMAS STORY—"I did not expect a single present."



"NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL CONSIDERATE."



"I LEFT 'EM PLENTY THIS TIME."



"NOW, THAT'S WOT I CALLS CONSIDERATE."



"I DIDN'T LEAVE 'EM MUCH THIS TIME."

HIS MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A HURRIED man, a worried man,
A man most sad to see.
A weary man, a dreary man,
A man dead broke was he.
Into a chair he sank, and then
His teeth he grimly ground,
While in his vest his pocket-book
Gave forth a hollow sound.

"Ah, wife," he muttered with a sigh,
"I'm miserable, I'm blue.
Although it's Christmas, I have not
A Christmas gift for you.
My office boy encountered me,
Likewise the postman came.
The district messenger was there,
Indeed I'm not to blame.
I met my barber on the street,
My waiter was hard by.
The bootblack hungered in my wake;
Alas! no cash have I."
Then quickly rose his angry wife
And hurried to his side.
"What have you done? You did not keep
Your promise," loud she cried.
"I care not for myself." She gave
This hapless man a look.
But where's?"—she grabbed him by the hair—
"That present for the cook?"

Tom Masson.

THE EMANCIPATED WOMAN'S CHRISTMAS.

THE Emancipated Woman sat in her law office and thought. Clients had been coming and going all day, and while engrossed in the exacting duties of her profession she had found no time to think. Consequently she had postponed her thoughts until a more convenient season, which had just arrived.

It was growing dusk. At half-past four in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, in the latitude of New York, daylight is almost gone. The Emancipated Woman had not lighted her gas, and there was no one else to do it. She had permitted all her assistants to leave early. They had asked to go at four, because it was Christmas Eve, and she had graciously allowed the privilege.



CHRISTMAS MORNING AT THE BURGLAR'S HOME.



THE EMPTY STOCKING.

"So this is really Christmas Eve," the Emancipated Woman mused. Then her thoughts went back three or four years, before she had acquired the successful practice she now enjoyed, and her memory took on a tender hue.

"Is it possible that so long a time has passed since I wooed and won the lovely Dick Gildersleeve? Yes, it is actually four years. I would not have believed it. The dear boy! Other women sought him—some with wealth, while I had none; some firmly established in lucrative professions, while I was sitting in my office waiting for clients, who, it seemed, would never come. Ah, I had time then for love-making. The dear boy had no eyes nor ears for other wooers. He preferred me and coyly admitted it. It was the happiest day of my life when I led my blushing bridegroom to the altar, and I was envied by all the girls I knew."

The Emancipated Woman's reflections faded off into unformulated reverie. Then she began to think again.

"He has been such a faithful husband! And I? How have I repaid his affectionate tenderness? It is true that my increasing success has left him with no ground for complaint as far as clothes go, and I have paid all the household bills with promptness, but how about the affection, the tenderness, for which a husband naturally longs? I fear I have been too engrossed in other matters, and perhaps the faithful fellow's heart is pining for a loving word and an occasional kiss. While he has been at home, keeping house, doing the cooking, looking after the baby, I fear I have been neglecting him. I haven't cheered him as I should have done. Now I think of it, the color has faded from his cheek. I must pet him more, and let him know how I appreciate him. Moreover, I must show my love in something more substantial. This is Christmas Eve. What shall I get for a present for such a faithful helpmeet?"

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

I am
a tree, a
Christmas tree,
how merry do
I feel, to think of what
I used to be, it makes
me fairly peal with laughter to
reflect that I have grown,
since I have come from Nature's
haunts beneath the sky, to bear
up Johnny's drum; to carry candy on
my back, and pop-corn balls galore,
and many another fine knick-knack from
Santa Claus's store. With candles I
am lighted up; with presents loaded down,
and so to me fill up the cup, and toast
me through the town. This is my day of all
the days, I tremble with delight, and every
branch within me sways, for I am doing right.
'Tis true my load is heavier than when, a
gay young twig, I fluttered with my brother fir,
and thought myself quite big. But no one
knows what happiness, my sisters and my brothers,
can be obtained unsought, unless you've
done some good to others. And so
although a heavy load I'm bearing up
to-day, I feel so good that I'll
be blown! I'd like to float away
to some land where there is no
past, and where the
children
never will
leave me.
Then let
Christmas
last for-
ever and
forever!

Tom Masson.

The Emancipated Woman made up her mind. With her, to decide was to act, and she soon had her purchases made, with directions for their delivery.

Thus it came to pass that when Richard Gildersleeve went down into the kitchen to prepare breakfast on Christmas morning, he found a complete new set of cooking utensils, from coffee pot to waffle irons. Moreover, there was a box of cigars, and he could once more enjoy the luxury of a smoke, an indulgence which had been forbidden for more than three years.

The Emancipated Woman had followed him noiselessly down stairs, and now stood, unobserved by him, as he joyfully took in the significance of his Christmas gifts.

"The dear girl really does love me still," he said, half aloud, as his eyes filled with happy tears. "I thought her affection had grown cold, and that she did not care how hard I toiled in the household drudgery, but I see I was mistaken. How happy I am!"

He looked up and saw the Emancipated Woman beaming upon him. Advancing toward her and wiping his eyes on his apron, he threw his arms around her neck and sobbed:

"You have given me the happiest Christmas I ever enjoyed."

William Henry Siviter.



NOT A MERRY XMAS.

"OCH, MINE DEAREST JORIS, I FEARED ME YOU HAD FORGOT YOUR PROMISE TO DINE MIT YOUR PATJE. SIT YOU DOWN MINE LOVE."



A NEW AMSTERDAM BEAU.



HOW THEY ARE DOING IT IN PARIS.

THESE sketches are drawn from life, in the Bois de Boulogne, and may be of interest to some of our own girls, who are still debating as to just what they ought to wear.

Women who have appeared on the beach in the usual bathing dress, and who find this costume immodest, will have to wrestle with consistency as best they can.





BED-TIME.

"COME, Henry."

The Brooklyn woman stirred uneasily in her chair, as she beckoned imperiously to her husband.

"It is time——"

She pointed to the fingers of the clock that stood at seven forty-eight.

"To go to bed."

STRANGE!

"NO, ma'am," sighed Mrs. McGinnis, to the church visitor, "I can't seem to keep Johnny from swearing, nohow. He's only three, and you wouldn't believe what things he'll say. Here, Johnny, swear for the lady."

"WHY did he get a divorce from his wife?"

"She named the baby after her first husband."



LIFE ·



OO LATE?



THE CADI'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

"MUSTAPHA," inquired the Cadi, after a long session, during which nothing of special import had occurred, "what means that infernal ringing of bells without the gates?"

"Nothing, your sublime sublimity," replied Mustapha, "except that the Giaours celebrate a feast of their own which they call Christmas."

"Why the deuce," asked the Cadi, "should they ring bells to celebrate a feast? Bell-ringing is a remnant of the dark ages, and was never meant for anything except to scare off the evil Genii. Why, then, do they still ring bells?"

"Simply, your highness, because the Giaour never learns wisdom. He only does what his father has done before him."

"Quite true," said the Cadi. "But does the Giaour do nothing else to mark the feast?"

"Truly," replied Mustapha. "He beggars himself buying for other Giaours gifts which they do not want."

"Why?" asked the Cadi.

"Because he is afraid that the other Giaours might otherwise think him stingy."

"By the toothpick of the Prophet, Mustapha," said the Cadi, taking a long draw at his narghileh, "I think all Giaours are fools."

"Not all," replied Mustapha, also inhaling the weakened smoke. "Some of them celebrate this night, which is the eve of their festival, by imbibing deeply of the strong waters which are forbidden by the Prophet. From that indulgence comes much amusement not only for them but for those who observe them."

"Mustapha, your Cadi has an idea!"

"Allah be praised! Your slave has only ears."

"Let us sally forth into the town and observe the Giaours."

"Your highness never speaks aught but words of wisdom. Shall I command the janizaries to accompany us?"

"No. We will go in mufti. Do you procure suitable disguises."

Mustapha disappeared, and the Cadi, getting down on his hands and knees, produced from beneath the divan a bottle which, on its label, bore the distinct words "Pepper Whis-

key." This he placed to his lips for a few seconds and then replaced it and resumed his seat on the divan, with a look of wisdom and innocence, which was possible only to the most remarkable Cadi on earth.

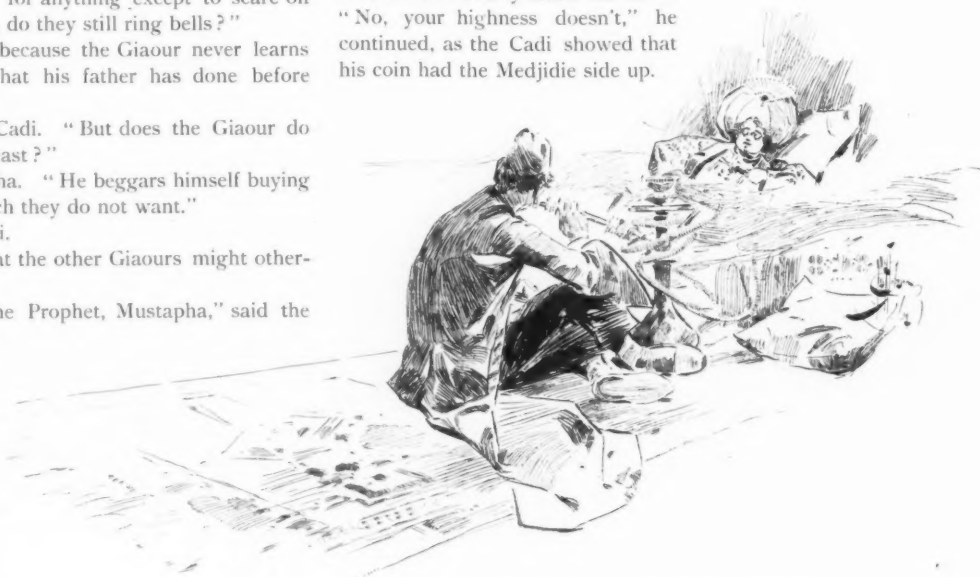
Shortly Mustapha appeared with disguises suited to their mission, and, donning them, the two departed.

"Your highness," said Mustapha, as they approached Madison Square, "we cannot do this thing properly unless we also partake of the spirits which the Giaours love, but which are forbidden by the Prophet to all true believers."

"Holy Allah!" exclaimed the Cadi, "but I verily believe you are trying to work my generosity to satisfy your unholy thirst. But I was born more than two weeks ago. We will match for it." Thereupon the Cadi produced a denier and laid it flat upon his knee, covering it with his hand. Mustapha did likewise.

"Your highness will match me," said Mustapha, uncovering his coin, and looking at the one from which the Cadi had simultaneously taken his hand.

"No, your highness doesn't," he continued, as the Cadi showed that his coin had the Medjidie side up.



"WHY THE DEUCE," ASKED THE CADI, "SHOULD THEY RING BELLS TO CELEBRATE A FEAST?"

"I think what the Giaours call wine is about my size," remarked Mustapha.

"Mustapha," said the Cadi, "you forget the condition of the public treasury. Allah is great, but I opine that what the Giaours call beer would be in better proportion to you."

"Your highness speaks only words of wisdom and truth. Beer it is."

Thereupon Mustapha conducted the Cadi to a neighboring building, when, after he had ordered beer for himself, the Cadi, in a judicial tone of voice, decided that he would have a little whiskey. Mustapha drank his beer in grieved silence, and then suggested that the Cadi and he should take a cab and drive to one of the principal shops.



THE CADI, GETTING DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, PRODUCED FROM BENEATH THE DIVAN A BOTTLE.

"Allah il Allah," exclaimed the Cadi as they entered, "what means this rush and crush?"

"Nothing, your highness," explained Mustapha, "except that very many of the Giaours put off buying Christmas gifts, like many other things they hope death may save them from, until the last moment. Hence this crowd on the very eve of their feast."

"The Giaour is a fool. He should make only such gifts as his heart commands. Allah Achbar—God is great—and we will once more match for the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of our throats."

"What it is, oh, sublime highness—beer, whiskey or champagne? Far be it from your slave to take advantage of so great a Cadi as yourself."

"Doth not Hafiz say 'Every moment you enjoy, count it gain?' Therefore let it be champagne."

Again the coins were produced, and this time Fate was against the Cadi. The same look came into his face which

marked it when he ordered an offender to the bastinado, but Mustapha disguised his terror by ordering the cabman to drive to the Waldorf. Here they were obsequiously received by a man in livery, to whom the Cadi told Mustapha to give a sequin. This Mustapha did with ill grace. As they entered the corridor a youth insisted on taking charge of their outer garments. Again the Cadi ordered Mustapha to produce a sequin, which Mustapha did, inwardly resolving



THEREUPON THE CADI PRODUCED A DENIER AND LAID IT FLAT UPON HIS KNEE.

that next morning he would squeeze ten out of the first offender committed to his charge.

"Holy Prophet!" exclaimed the Cadi, as he entered the rotunda, "but whose seraglio have we broken into? Mustapha, do you not know the penalty?"

"Truly, oh fountain of greatness. This is no seraglio. It is a place where the Giaours bring their women for food and drink."



"HOLY PROPHET," EXCLAIMED THE CADI, "BUT WHOSE SERAGLIO HAVE WE BROKEN INTO?"

"Then why are the women so little clad? Even in the harem my wives and slaves would never dare so to expose themselves."

"Min Allah—God forbid, your highness. But this evening the richest of the Giaours have had an entertainment which they call an opera. There it is permitted to their women to go in indecent raiment and thence they come hither to eat and drink."

"Enough," said the Cadi, as he drained the last of the champagne from his glass, "let us return. But see to it, Mustapha, that the next time the Giaours have an opera I shall be present."

At the Mustapha's direction the cab stopped a little distance from the Cadi's dwelling, the latter fearing that the

noise might awaken the harem and thereby subject him to thirty or forty curtain lectures, delivered in unison.

"How much?" asked Mustapha, as they alighted.

"Ten shekels," replied the driver.

"Now, by all the old slippers of Mohammed," said the Cadi, "you are a liar and the offspring of liars. Know you not that the legal fare is only two shekels and a half?"

"Naw, I don't; an' if you don't make good I'll call de cop. See?"

"What means the son of Shitan, Mustapha?" asked the Cadi.

"He means that you're not a Tammany judge, your highness."

"Wallah—that is true. What shall we do?"

Just then a policeman came along and asked the driver what was the matter.

"Dese ducks was tryin' to do me, dat's all."

When the Cadi and Mustapha attempted to tell their story the policeman gave each of them two or three blows with his club and told them to pay the man what they owed him.

"Kismet," murmured the Cadi, and produced the required ten shekels.

"Now, get off the block," said the policeman, as he gave them each a farewell tap with his club.



As they turned the corner they saw the cabman and the policeman dividing money between them.

"Mustapha," said the Cadi, as they entered the gateway.

"Yes, your sublime wiseness," said Mustapha.

"By the mother-in-law of the Prophet, but these Giaours are great people."

"They are, your highness."

"Mark, now, what I say. To-morrow cause inquiry to be made how one may become a policeman of the Giaours. Allah kebur—God is great—Mohammed is his Prophet, and I am a chrysanthemum among Cadis; but I want to become a policeman."

QUITE RIGHT.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE (at the door): Throw up yer hands, Ike! We are goin' to lynch you for hoss stealin'.

ALKALI IKE (leaping out of the back window): I'll be hanged if you do.

WHAT HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

SHE: I'm sorry I married you.

HE: You ought to be. You cut some nice girl out of a mighty good husband.



"WHAT A HOW-WIBLE, BEASTLY BO-AH, DON'T YE KNOW."



AFTER A KISS.

She: OH, THAT WAS VERY RUDE OF YOU!

He: WHAT'S A CONSERVATORY FOR, ANYHOW?

NO DANGER.

THE HEIRESS: The fellow has proposed to me several times already.

HER FRIEND: Aren't you afraid he will get tired if you put him off?

THE HEIRESS: Never! He is out of a job.

THEIR FEELINGS.

WITHERBY: Your wife tells me she has just finished her Christmas shopping. I should think you would feel blue.

PLANKINGTON: That's nothing to my wife. She feels black and blue.

THE CAUSE.

HIS gait is springy as he walks,
His eye is beaming bright,
He straightens up at times and stalks
Is this good man quite right?

Is this the man who, some time since,
Was meek as he could be?
Who at a shadow mere would wince?
It is indeed—'tis he.

Then what a change! 'Tis Nature's
trick

That's filled his face with joy.
He takes you by the shoulder quick
And murmurs, "It's a boy!"

Tom Masson.

THE EARL'S FATE.

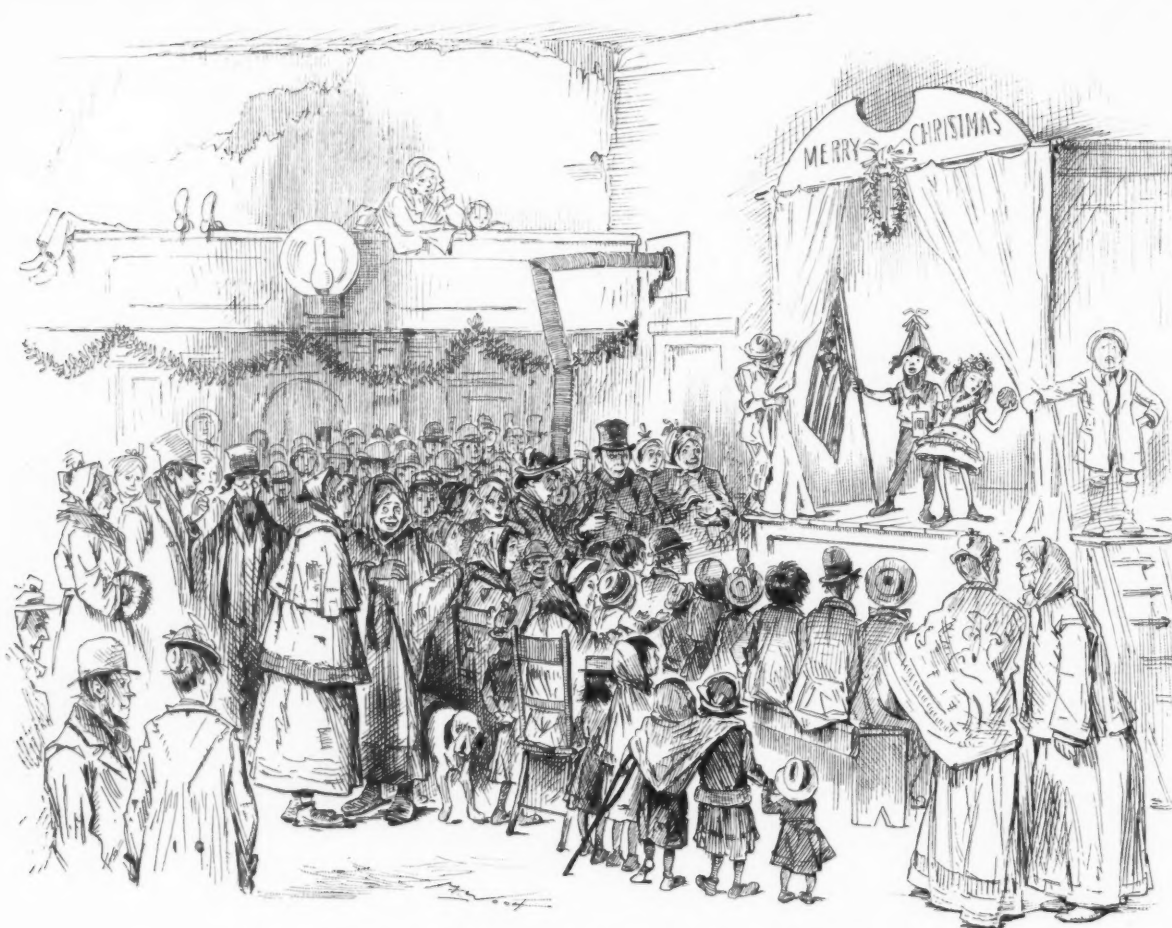
CHRISTMAS EVE at Earls-
mere Castle. Bleak and
bitter was the night without and
cheerless within. The old earl sat
by his fireside, nursing a gouty toe
which he had inherited from a long
line of ancestors, whose style of
living he envied, but could not
afford to imitate. Merciless cred-
itors were ready to pounce upon
him, for he owed all that he had
been able to borrow.

As he gazed upon the glowing
embers, he thought of his son, Al-
gernon—his own boy, Algy—who
had crossed the sea to do what he
could for the family finances. Up
to date, he had not been able to do
anything. In his efforts to pick
winners and to captivate heiresses,
he had been uniformly unsuccess-
ful. He had even, at times, been
brought face to face with the pos-
sibility of having to go to work.
Poor Algy!

Hark! That is the sound of sleigh bells! Nearer it
comes and nearer; and the earl listens. The sleigh has
stopped at Earlsmere Castle. There is bustle and excite-
ment below, and then a servant enters with a cablegram.
The earl's fingers tremble—convulsively, of course—as he
opens the envelope. The signature meets his eye first—
"Algernon." The message is short. It reads, "Engaged"—
The word blinds him. Tears of joy start to his eyes. For
the moment, he can read no more.

He looks at the message again. "Engaged to a police
captain's daughter."

Wretched man! He knew as little about the New York
police as you and I, gentle reader, used to know about bunco
steering.



CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES; LIVING PICTURES AT DOOHIGAN'S HALL.

ADAM AND EVE IN THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

Adam: MASTER PHELM GROGAN.

Eve: MISS DAISY SHAUGHNESSY.

"Graceless boy!" he exclaims, angrily. "The scion of the Earlsmeres to wed the daughter of a paltry official—a man with a salary! What is his wretched pittance—five thousand a year—ten thousand—whatever it may be—what is it but a drop in the bucket compared to my liabilities." White with rage, he threw the cablegram to the floor and stamped on it with his gouty foot.

* * * * *

Apoplexy at the age of sixty-nine. Even the merciless creditors shed tears (after their bills had been paid) over the fate of that unhappy old man whose life would have been saved if he had read the New York daily papers.

H. M.

WILLIS: Putting a pin in a person's chair is an old joke.
WALLACE: Yes, but it hasn't lost its point yet.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

HE.

IF ripe red lips 'neath eyes of blue
Were tempting you, what would you do?

SHE.

Why, sir, in such a case as this
I really think I'd take a kiss!

HE.

The proper course I think you miss—
I'd take a score—like this—and this!

"YOU don't seem to hold a very high opinion of the latter-day woman."

"I don't. She has ceased to be a lady, and has not yet succeeded in becoming a gentleman."

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The leading feature for 1895 will be a richly illustrated Life of Napoleon written by Professor Sloane, of Princeton, the result of many years of study and research, verified by all the latest and best authorities. A new novel by Marion Crawford, one by Mrs. Burton Harrison, papers on Washington in Lincoln's Time by Noah Brooks, stories by all the leading writers, are among the features of the coming volume. The subscription price is \$4.00. New subscriptions should begin with November. *Rudyard Kipling's first American story, "A Walking Delegation," is in the Christmas number.*



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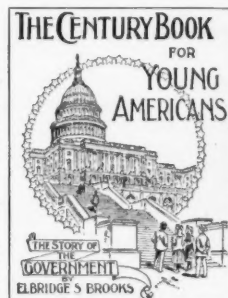
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THERE'S one hired girl in Detroit who ought to have a medal. The other morning a tramp came to the kitchen door where she presides and asked her for something to eat. It wasn't the first one who had so presented himself, and she was not at all pleased to see him, but she didn't show it in her manner.

"Will you sit down in the shade there," she said pleasantly, "and wait till I get it for you?"

"Certainly, ma'am," he said unctuously as he picked a soft place and deposited himself upon it. She went into the kitchen and the tramp waited. He continued to wait. Every now and then she would appear at the door and hope would spring in his breast, and he would smack his lips only to see her disappear again. Finally the strain became too great for him and he came to the door.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, "I thought you had forgot me, ma'am." "Oh, no, I haven't!" she chirruped. "I've been keeping an eye on you all the time. Didn't I tell you to wait until I brought you something to eat?"

"Yes'm."

"And didn't you say you would?"

"Yes'm; but I'd like to know how long I've got to wait."

She laughed merrily.

"That's so," she said, "I never thought of that. You'll have to wait only six weeks or such a matter," and there was something in her tones that prejudiced him against her so that he went abruptly. —*Detroit Free Press.*



*Oft from a portrait on the wall
Beauty of form and face look down;
A memory of the manor hall,
A head perhaps, that wore a crown.*

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Be lost from us and pass away,
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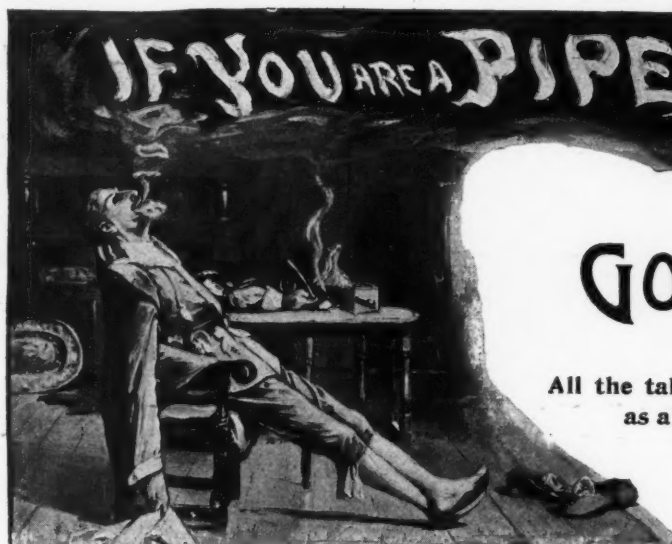
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THE door opened, and there came into the Clark Street office of the famous night watchman and detective a tall man with a wrinkled face and a pair of keen gray eyes.

"You are from North Clark Street," said the detective.

The man started convulsively. "How did you know it?" he asked.

"By the two shiny spots on your coat-sleeves. Those spots mark where your arms rested on the window-sill while you are leaning out to watch the cable cars go by. Every one on North Clark Street does that. You live on the west side of the street."

"Wonderful," gasped the visitor.

"You ask me why I know. Because your right arm is longer than the other. In catching the cable cars you grab the rail with your right hand, and the jerking which you receive day by day has lengthened your arm so that to a trained eye the difference is apparent. If you lived on the east side of the street you would use the left hand for catching the rail. You are a widower and your wife was red-headed."

"True enough," said the visitor, staring in amazement.

"How do I know these things? Because I see that watchchain on your vest. It is woven of red hair. If your wife were alive you wouldn't think enough of her to wear a chain made out of her hair, and if you had remarried you wouldn't dare to be wearing it. You have just come from Lincoln Park. I can smell peanuts on you. At one time you were a police officer. I saw you look both ways before you came in that door. Force of habit, you know. You have been shooting craps. Your right hand is soiled from the little finger back to the wrist. That is caused by raking up the dice from a dusty table. You need a shave and ate soft-boiled eggs for breakfast. Now, what can I do for you?" And the great detective and night watchman sat back in a listening attitude.

"Just wanted to ask you if the Pansy Chromo Company has an office in this building."

Thus what might have been a great detective story came to a short stop.—*Chicago Record.*

A CERTAIN Detroit employer hates a man who whistles at his work and always asks upon that point. The other day an applicant called upon him.

"So you want a job?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the polite reply.

"Well, the first thing I want to know is, do you whistle at your work?"

"I never have, sir, before."

"Ah. What kind of work have you been doing?"

"Glass blowing, sir."

The employer took his case under advisement.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"It's curious what an amount of sporting blood there is corked up in the sleeping car porters on the Southern railroads," said Will McConnell. "Coming up from Atlanta the other night we had two coaches on the train. Toward evening we saw the two porters in solemn conclave. We all knew there was something wrong, but it wasn't until later in the evening that I found out the cause of our apprehension. About 7 o'clock one of the passengers said to me:

"I'd advise you to turn in. This is going to be a short night."

"How's that?" I said. "We're not due in Jersey City until 7 o'clock."

"Oh, time's got nothing to do with it. The porters have got a bet on."

"The man went to bed immediately and I followed suit. Just after the clock struck 12 I was yanked out of my berth and told to get ready for Jersey City. All the other passengers were up and dressed, including the two men in the smoking-room, who were still playing poker."

"A few minutes later I met my friend. 'You were dead right,' I said. 'It was a brief night.'

"Yes, it was," he answered. "But no matter, our porter won."

"By this time my curiosity was aroused as well as myself."

"What was the bet?" I asked.

"Same old bet," he replied. "Five dollars to the man who gets his passengers up first."—*New York Sun.*

A LITTLE man with a bald head and an inoffensive blue eye drifted into a Main street saloon and threw a half dollar on the bar.

"Gimme a schooner of beer," he said.

The schooner was given him. Just as he was about to drink it a big man came in and said: "Hello, Shorty, who's buying?"

"I am," replied Shorty, with dignity.

"You," scoffed the big man, "why, you never had a cent in your life. Your wife gets your wages."

"That's all right," said Shorty, "mebbe she does, but I've got money to-day."

"How'd you get it?"

"Well," replied Shorty, "I don't know as I mind tellin'. I had a couple of bad teeth an' she gimme enough to get 'em pulled."

"Didn't you get 'em pulled?"

"Sure; but I worked her for 50 cents for gas, an' this is the fifty. See?"—*Buffalo Express.*

AN English paper tells a story of a well known bishop who suffers from impaired vision. He recently held a levy. At length a guest approached, and said: "How do you do, my lord? My mother wishes to be kindly remembered to you."

"Ah," said the bishop, "that is very good of her. And how is the dear old soul? Nothing like a good old mother! Be sure to take care of your old mother. Good morning."

The bishop did not in the least know who his visitor was, and said to his footman: "Who was that?"

The servant replied: "The last person who left your lordship's reception is the Duke of Connaught."—*Exchange.*

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